## ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND IV.

Primegentiure.

The aristocracy in England not only mopopolizes the highest social honors of the kingm, it possesses two-thirds of the soil, and is master of the time and services of immense numbers of the population, millions of whom live upon its estates or occupy its tenements, from the hovels of Killarney to the mansions of Beigravia. Although of late years the nobility has declined in political power, it still retains an important influence. One House of Parliament is composed exquaively of its members, and more than half the highest offices of every Government are taken from its body. It fills s large proportion of the best places in the Church, the army, and the navy, and in dipiomacy. It constitutes, with those whom it draws about it, and, directly or indirectly, influences and controls, what are called, and correctly, the governing classes of England.

The outward spiendor of the peers may be imagined from the advice of the Snah of Persia to the Prince of Wales. That Eastern potentate had been entertained by the Duke of Butherland at one of his estates, where the grounds and mansions were probably more palatial than any the royal savage had ever seen; and he is said to have declared to the heir apparent: "I should behead that duke. He is too magnificent for a subject." Something of the same sort, though probably not carried so far, must have been in her Majesty's mind some years ago; for, as she was quitting a ball at Stafford House, another residence o the same nobleman, the sovereign said to the duchess: "I shall leave your palace and go

home to my house."

In order to retain its importance, the aristocracy must be kept small in numbers, and this is accomplished by the infliction of immense wrongs upon the greater portion of its own members. Only one child can inherit the principal honors and possessions of the family.

All the others are of inferior rapk and consequence from their birth. In the enforcement of this rule the English aristogracy is more rigorous than any other in the world. The continental titles descend for the most part to all hildren, and whole families continue noble for centuries. But the English maintain the importance of a house by the sacrifice of all its sons and daughters to the head. Even the wife of one peer and the mother of another is immolated on the altar of family pride. A woman who has been a duchess abdicates when her son comes to his title, she hands over the family jewels to her successor, is turned out of the mansion where she once presided, and although she retains the title of duchess, it is with the prefix of dowager, to indicate her fallen state; while the brothers and sisters, bred in luxury and splendor in their father's house, descend in one day to comparative indigence and insignificance. The brother thinks nothing of requiring them to leave, and they accept their fate as inevitable. They have always known it was to come, and are, perhaps, somewhat prepared for their downfall.

A nobleman now living is very generally censured because, having no sons, he has settled his unentailed estates upon his daughters. who thus will inherit fortunes which otherwise would have gone to his successor in the peerage. It is considered that he had no right to divert the estates away from the title, both having descended to him from the same ancestor. Even he, however, settled the bulk of his property on one daughter, leaving the

other comparatively poor. Circumstances and conditions like these necessarily have an unhappy effect upon the famly relation. There cannot but be heart-burnings and discontent at the unnatural inequalities of fortune in a single household. The disparity between the deference paid to one brother by guests and servants, equals and dependants, and the indifference shown to another cannot but be galling to him who is set knows that all is for him, that he is the superior. The younger children are early taught that they are only sojourners in their father's house, while their brother is a noble by birth. the future master and the head of the family. The next heir can hardly mourn very deeply if his elder brother dies, and there must be times when terrible temptations arise. A duke once said to a friend of mine, as his only son, a child of three years old, was taken out of the room:

There goes my natural enemy." I remember the son of an earl talking to me w th tears in his eyes of the lot of the younger members of a great family. He said he was repelled by the mothers whom he met in society as if he had the plague, lest he should fall in love with their daughters. He was to take his place almost without the sphere in which he had been born. He supposed he should become a steward on some nobleman's estate, or perhaps manage for his brother the property to which he was as much attached as the one who was to inherit all. But he suddenly checked himself, and declared that not for the world would be have it otherwise: nothing would compensate for the ruin of the old English families. The youngster was handsome, well-mannered, and evidently in love with some girl beyond his reach. He was claverer by far than the man who would become the chief of his house, better fitted to bear the honors, but the accident of birth had intervened. It did not seem to him so great good fortune to be the son of an earl-so near

he prize, and yet excluded from the race. Nevertheless, the cadets of great houses are better off than if the aristocracy did not exist; better off than if they were humbler born. The sons and brothers of peers enjoy enormous advantages at the start. They have a high place in society, powerful friends, prestige, and sometimes opportunities to marry well, in spite of the dowagers. As a rule they are placed in the diplomacy, or possibly the law. Of late years it is true, they have begun to take to trade, and there are sons of dukes who are "in tea." But this is not approved of in society, and aristoerate are not often reduced to such extremity. After all, it is the mothers and daughters whose fate is most deplorable. Nothing in the whole system is so barbaric as the treatment of the women. Nothing is more pitiable than the lot of ladies delicately reared, accustomed from childhood to profusion and magnificence, and suddenly reduced to a pittance for an income. The daughters of a ducal house, the annual revenues of which cannot be less than a million of dollars, receive at their marriage, portious that do not amount to £3,000 a year; and this is considered a generous provision. I know a lady of less degree whose allowance from her father's estate is £200 a year, while her brother's is £10,000. For these unfortunates there is only one escape from comparative and often absolute poverty, and that is marriage, This is what makes the marriage market of London such a by-word. A well-known peerees, famous for the matrimonial successes of her daughters, is called in aristocratic circles professional." The men declare it unfair in her to compete with amateurs, and I heard one of her acquaintances say that he was present the night she "caught York.

These high-born women must find husbands. or become enforced, and often unwelcome, pensioners on the bounty of brothers or more distant relatives. Then there is the mother, the great lady, superseded sometimes, not by the wife of her son, which would be more tolerable. but by some far-off cousin or life-long enemy. The dower-house is prepared, the dowry is paid, and she goes to her social suttee.

And it will not do to suppose that the head of a great family is always ready to assemble his relations about him, always willing to invite their visits or offer them homes. When a man comes into his titles and possessions he usually has his own wife and his own children to care for. The wife is indifferent to his kindred, and the new peer often forgets or ignores them altogether. The brothers and sisters and cousins of the master are hardly the most frequent visitors in great English houses; inmates they are more rarely still. And when they are received they are careful not to presume too far. They all look meekly up to their chief; they are proud to be connected with him, harmy to accept

is invitations and his charities. They are re-

tainers and dependents, and there is and can be no equality between them, as a rule. Of course, there are many families united by

the warmest and purest regard. There are parents who insure their lives and economize their incomes in order to secure the indepen-dence of their younger children. There are great houses in which the chief considers himself bound to provide for and assist the cadets. The present Duke of Bedford, when he came into millions, settled on each of his brothers fifty thousand pounds. But conduct such as this is not the rule, and if it were, the influence of the institution remains, whatever the merit of the individual. That influence makes the father lavish pride

and affection and interest on the favored one, while even the mother, anticipating, perhaps, the time when he will be the arbiter of her fate. is careful not to thwart him in favor of her younger children. That influence makes the heir not seldom selfish, self-sufficient, overbearing, and all the others subservient, or envious and dissatisfied. It makes marriages for money, among both men and women, common, and not altogether inexcusable. It made one duke regard his eldest son as his "natural enemy."

enemy."

Primogeniture, however, in England, is matter of inw. It cannot be avoided. If a man is born a peer, he must remain a peer, whether he likes it or no. He cannot be divested of the dignity, even though he may not choose to claim the title. In 1796 the Earl of Berkeley married a dairymaid, a previous marriage with whom was declared by the House of Lords "not proven," so that the children, born prior to 1796, could not inherit. The son first born after that date was of course the heir; but he refused to assume a title that reflected on his mother's fame—an act of chivalry seidem surpassed in the annals of any nobility. He died of though ago, having been known for more than

after that date was of course the heir; but he refused to assume a title that reflected on his mother's fame—an act of chivalry seidom surpassed in the annals of any nobility. He died not long ago, having been known for more than half a century as the "Honoratla Mr. Berkeley," though legally he was the sixth earl. But the title and honors descended to his heirs. He could not divert the succession. Nobility is in the blood, and nobiling but an attained can corrupt the quality.

Thus, distant descendants may claim a long-forgotten birthright, and titles and honors supposed extinct for centuries may be revived. The earledom of Devon hal remained dormant from 1566 until 1831, when the heir, who was a clerk of the Parliament, and engaged in examining the records, discovered the original patent of the beerage. In ordinary cases the title descends to the heirs male "of the body" of the original patente; but in this instance the words "of the body" did not occur. The title, therefore, descended to the heirs collateral, when those of the body became extinct. The last earl had died without issue in the reign of Bloody Mary (or, as the English more reverently siyle her, Mary I.), and the title and honors were supposed to be extinct. But when the patent was found the clerk of the Parliament was able to prove his descent in the collateral line, and was declared the lawful Earl of Devon after 260 years. Meanwhile, the head of the family had been created a baronet, but, disdaining the inferior title, he never took out his patent. Nevertheless he was always styled Sirtivilliam in commissions from the king, and his son was the second baronet. The anti-quity of the family indeed reached back he-yond thee ardom. Edward I. was a legitimate ancestor, and Gibbon turns asside to record their history while reciting the fate of the Roman empire.

But though titles must descend, according to the role of primogeniture, the land can be entailed for three lives only. If a man dies without a number of sudden deaths might prevent the heirs o

dignity and provide for the greatness of one unborn child at the expanse of all the others. It is this principle of primogeniture, thus secured, which is at the basis of all the importance of the English aristocracy. Without it the noblity would prometly lose its present of the english aristocracy. Without it the noblity would prometly lose its present on the english aristocracy would soon be so great that noblity would be no distinction. If all the children shared the wealth, the properties would be divided and subdivided till the pome and circumstance of the peerage would disappear. It is because one man inherits all that the grandeur is permanent; hecause the bair has a quarter of a million a year, and his brother less than a thousand pounds, that the family dignity is maintained. When primogeniture is abolished the aristocracy will be near its fall.

## RETURNING TO THE LAND OF LIBERTY. A French Journalist Expresses his Sentiments with Frankpess.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Leaving New York for Paris in the month of May last, I had the good fortune to travel with one of your foremost political men, Mr. Maurice B. Flynn. who was on his way to Paris. All those who have become acquainted with Mr. Flynn in France have been struck with his unquestiongood qualities, which distinguish him as a busiuses man of the first order, and as a politician of talent. The journals of Paris have not failed to announce the arrival of your eminent compatriot, as is very naturally the case when dasling with a personality whose aymouthing are so strongly French. Personally I have been struck with the views which Mr. Maurice Flynn expressed upon our country. His judgment was as correct as if he had lived in France for a long time. I believe that in him you have a statesman of the future, and I congratulate you. Paris is much occupied just now with a question often raised, and never without interest. I mean the theatres and literary works in general. This is a question that must interest all countries in the civilized world. Judging by the importance that is attached in New York and throughout the United States to the smallest dramatic news, to the debuts of the new stars, and to every improvement in a mise en scine, it can truly be said that nothing is passed unnoticed by the public in the theatrical domain. The recent incidents in the "Mikado" affair and the difficulties that have arisen in regard to Victorien Sardou's piece, "Andréa," give a lively interest to a pamphlet which was recently published in New York, and which has just made quite a stir in France. Of course THE SUN, which is the literary journal par excellence, must be interested in this discussion. The author of the pamphlet in question is Mr. François Mons, whose pieces I have soon played at the Oddon, the Gymnaso, and at the Folies Dramatiques. In Paris. He has come to America to work for Mile, Ribea, the eminent artists that you know so well. He has written attest that you know so well. He has written attest that you know so well. He has written accessively for her three considerable pieces, He is a thoroughly competent man, and he adores America. He has recently established an agency to represent the interests of French authors, and has associated with him in this enterprise Mr. Louis Nathal, the author of adapter of. The Prisoner for Life, successfully played at the Union Square Theatre.

The task is difficult. The American law upon the subject of literature is obsoure; but by acting with prudence in the general interest, good results can be reached. I was in France when the principal Paris papers suproved of the project of this agency, and since then the unprinted pleces of the best authors have arrived here and are in the hands of Mesars. Mons and Nathal, accompanied by letters full of encouragement from Emile Augler, D'Ennery, Gondinet, Elouard Cadal, &c. names which are familiar to all interary Americans. Let us hope that the project may succeed. But if it does not succeed completely at the beginning, the author will, nevertheless, have given to the public a romarkable pamphlet, in which all the theatrical questions in America are discussed and well considered. It would be puerle not to recognize the usefulness of the French represented and h scene, it can truly be said that nothing is passed unnoticed by the public in the theatrical domain. The recent incidents in the "Mikado"

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Fall of Constantinople. As the hour approaches when the city of Constantine will be restored to Christian bands. the record of its inestimable services to civil-ization and the story of its loss are receiving the attention they deserve. Ever since the Crimean war, German and French students have been busied in working over the field only partially explored by Gibbon and by Finlay, and they have done much to illumine many obscure or misinterpreted aspects of Byzantine history. The results of their labors have not uniuckly been wrought into a consecutive and authoritative parrative, and most of their discoveries and reconstructions are inaccessible to English readers. Yet that important part of them which relates to the Latin conquest of the Greek empire, but for which the Turks could never have gained a foothold in Europe, is now presented in a compact, effective, and popular form by a timely reprint of The Fall of Constantinople, by Mr. EDWIN PEARS (Harpers). The author combines many qualifications for the useful work which he attempts. He has examined for himself the original documents which have come down to us from Byzantine writers on the one side, and from the apologists of the misdirected Fourth Crusade upon the other. He has compared the statements of Villehardouin, the official historian of the Latin conquest-statements too hastily accepted by Gibbon and by Finlay-with the relevant papers in the Venetian and Papai archives. and he has been careful to avail himself of the light thrown on many branches of the subject by the multitude of monographs which of late years have been published in Germany and France. He is thus able to fix by cogent and accumulative proof on the perildious re-public of Venice the responsibility for a great crime against christendom, for the deadliest blow to the continuous development of civilization, and for the appalling blight from which southeastern Europe is hardly beginning to reover. As we learn to appreciate the part which the Venetians really played in the destruction of the rampart which for five hundred years had withstood the shock of Islam. we feel that never was poetle Meense more deplorably abused than in Byron's apostrophe to Venice as "Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ot-

About half of this volume of four hundred pages is devoted to a survey of the causes which concurred to weaken the Greek empire during the century and a half preceding the shameful and insensate assault upon it by the Christians of the West. The earlier section of Byzantine history, from the disruption of the Western empire to the end of the Basilian dennate (A. D. 476-1057), is but very briefly gianced at in an introductory chapter, where, however, two or three facts of superlative moment to the student are brought out with fitting emphasis. Curt as his suggestions are. Mr. Pears materially assists us to account for some phenomena which Gibbon's disdainful delineation of the Byzantine Government and of its subject populations left entirely inexplicable. How was it possible, indeed, to explain the astonishing longevity of the Eastern Roman empire by the strategical position of Constantinople? Undoubtedly the capital city was easily defensible, but not more so than many another buttress of Roman civilization in the East and in the West, which, nevertheless, succumbed to Asiatic invasion and Moslem fanaticism. How does it happen that we hear so much about the battle of Tours in 732, and so little of the failure of the tremendous Saracenic assault on Constantinople in 668? How could the successors of Mohammed fail to occupy an inch of European soil upon the eastern frontier, when they swept like a whirlwind through the Romanized provinces of Africa. anatched Spain from the Visigoths, and pierced the heart of France? How did Islam manage to retain a foothold in the Iberian peninsula for nearly eight centuries, when by the middle of the eleventh it was expelled from Asia Minor, which was then more populous, productive, and thoroughly Helienized than ever? To the render of Gibbon these facts involve flagrant paradox. It is contrary to the laws of social and military dymamics that 400 years after the death of Mohammed his votaries should show themselves incomparably more powerful at the further end of Europe than they were close to the centres of their power at Bagdad and Damascus. Their failure at this spoch in the East compared with their triumph in the West can only be explained on the asably superior intelligence and by his many sumption that they encountered an incomparably firmer resistance in the one quarter than

in the other. The superior strength of Europe's eastern rampart was due-although the student of Gibbon might not divine it-to moral and social causes much more than to the strategical ex- their strategical and tactical combinations are ellence of the site chosen by Constantine. which taken by itself could no more have sufficed in 668 than in 1203 or 1453. It was not its coign of vantage on the Bosporus that enabled Constantinople to support the resterated shocks of Islam in its prime, and to stem the flood of Asiatic migration which poured along the northern and southern shores of the Black Sea for thousand years. It was the free Greek communities behind it in Thrace, Macadonia, and Thessaly, and in front of it throughout the greater part of Asia Minor, that constituted the inextinguishable force and matchless buoyancy of the Eastern Roman empire. Figlay, indeed, does full justice to the wide difference between the Latin-speaking and Greekspeaking countries in respect of centralization vitality of municipal institutions. Whether Constantine had in view this decisive discrepancy in regard to moral and social forces when he founded a second Rome upon the Bosporus may be doubtful; if he did, his prescience would deserve all the praises that have been lavished on it. Be that as it may, the fact is that the Eastern Roman empire, when in the fifth century it found itself left alone to uphold the civilizing torch, was detted all over with Greek-speaking communities which had retained the right and the practice of selfgovernment, and which did not wholly lose the invigorating habit of local independence before the twelfth century. Where these communities were numerous and powerful, as they were in Asia Minor, they were long impenetrable to Moslem conquest, they incessantly emerged triumphant after each wave of invasion, and it almost two hundred years ago, was not until a species of feudal system was substituted by the Byzantine Government for the old municipal liberties that the Seljuk Turks were at last able to accomplish what the Arabs had failed in-a permanent occupation of Asia Minor.

1 11. Another fact brought out by Mr. Pears with due distinctness is the military skill and energy with which the Byzantine empire dis-

a hundred years the resources of the Seljuks seemed to be irresisible, for the enormous losses suffered in their repeated battles with the Greeks were more than made good by fresh migrations of their nomad brothren from the steppes of Turkestan. But by the time that the successors of Othman had succeeded in imprinting their family name on the whole body of Turks settled in Anatolia the field of recruitment in central Asia had been to a large extent cut off by the creation of the Mongolempires of Genghis Khan and Tameriane. It was, for example, with the sedentary Turks of Asia Minor, descended from the subjects of the Seljuk Sultans, that Bajazet was called upon to face his wild Turcoman kindred arrayed by Tamerlane against him. Moreover, the governing classes developed under the Seljuk Sultans had been forced by their long and desperate contention with the Byzantines n Asia Minor to propitiate their Christian subtects by wise and souttable treatment. Unlike the Ottomans, who to this day are merely encamped in Europe, they had acquired civilizing and assimilative habits which would have made it well nigh as impossible to dislodge them from the Balkans as it was to wrench the Moors from the Sierras of Granada.

Now, what made the demolition of the Grack empire by the dishonest leaders of the Fourth Crusade peculiariy calamitous was its coincidence with the apparently successful termination of the tremendous struggle against the So juk power. Greatly weakened, unquestionably, the Byzantines were by the warfare waged almost incessantly for a hundred and fifty years in Asia Minor, coupled, as this often was, with the necessity of facing attacks upon the north and west. But the Seljuks were at last still weaker, and the assimilative process to which the barbarian intruders in the Danube region-the Cronts. the Serbs, and the Bulgars-were subsected had made auspicious progress. The religion, the law, and the whole civilization of these peoples still bear witness to the marvellous assimilative power of the Greek empire. Had the Byzantine system been unshat tered by Western treachery, had it been suffered to complete the work of integration during the two and a half centuries which as t was, intervened between the Latin and the Ottoman conquest, it would have welded the peoples of the Balkan peninsula into a homoreneous nationality transcending any force which the house of Othman could evolve from the shipwrecked Seljuk monarchy. The dynastic troubles which at the date of the Fourth Crusade helped to cripple the Greek empire would have passed, as they had often passed before; indeed, Mr. Pears assigns some strong reasons for believing that the Byzantine State was moving through a period of transition from absolutism to an oligarchical form of government more favorable to commercial prosperity. Had the Greeks retained their strength while the Seljuk Turks were losing theirs, the hopes of the then insignificant clan of Othman would have been stifled in the germ, and the whole of Asia Minor would in all likelihood have been restored to Christendom. It was worth restoring then, for the Seljuk domination had been relatively harmless, and it was far from being the waste that it is now.

III. Mr. Pears reviews all the evidence bearing on the motives which impelled the leaders of the Fourth Crusade to divert their expediion from Egypt, the professed object of attack, to Constantinople. He points out by the way that Egypt was not only the true strategical objective, since its occupation would cut the Moslem power in twain, and involve the easy conquest of North Africa and Palestine. but that just then the Nile country was pecu liarly defenceless, owing to an incident never since repeated, and the only parallel to which seems to be indicated in the Scriptural story of Joseph. For several years the annual inundation of the Nile had not taken place, a catastrophe due probably to the accidental or intentional damming of the Blue Nile or the Atbara. The resultant famine lef Egypt an easy prey, but the Crusaders missed an opportunity that was never to recur. They preferred to ruin the Greek empire, and thus smooth the way for Ottoman invasion, the direct visitation which has afflicted Europe. The conclusion reached by Mr. Pears after a survey of all the proof attainable is that Pope Innocent the Third must be entirely absolved asked the Bishop of Bobby. from abetting this iniquity, the guilt of which

# The History of a Great Treaty.

M. W. H.

lies wholly on the Venetians.

The old-fashioned histories that dealt al-The old-fashioned histories that dealt almost exclusively with wars and treaties are reWhom God hath joined together, let no man put asgarded with but little interest in our day. It is generally recognized that unless wars result in important territorial changes their wounds are important territorial changes their wounds are to see down the registration of the swkward. You mortify me to death sometimes. soon healed, while the deductions drawn from misleading rather than instructive after the conditions of warfare have been materially modified. A modern commander would be laughed at for expecting to derive much profit from a study of Mariborough's campaigns, and the value even of the Napoleonic wars, considered as expositions of the military art is dubitable. But where the treaties which record the results of war involve the creation, the exaltation, or the dismemberment of nations, they are unquestionably facts of the very highest moment, and they naturally invite renewed attention from the historian, so long as any of their chief effects survive. The most striking example of such abiding influence in modern times is offered by the treaties which closed the war of the Spanish succession, and we may welcome therefore the fresh treat. ment of a theme still 'possessing significance and interest in the monograph entitled The Peace of Utrecht, by Mr. James W. Girann (Putnams). It is true that the main out lines of the subject have been made familiar by Mignet and Mahon, but what gives novelty and usefulness to the present book is the nuthor's point of view. It is not so much Mr. Girard's purpose to tell over again the story of the campaigns in Spain, in Italy, and in the Low Countries, as to point out how many facts of our own day are due to the compacts and adjustments in which the struggle for the Spanish inheritance ended. That is the principal service rendered by this monograph, and they who might at first sight be disposed to underrate its value will do well to note how much of what they see around them can be traced directly to the treaty framed at Utrecht The existence, for instance, of the modern

independent kingdom of Belgium is the outcome of the arrangement made at Utrecht with relation to the Spanish Netherlands. A large part of what is now Belgium was a French flef in the middle ages, and it passed to Spain through a marriage with the beiress of Charles the Bold, who was a French prince. To recover those provinces was for the next two cen turies the main object of French diplomacy of the standard large-long to keep disconting of the standard large-long to keep disconting of the standard large-long to keep disconting the large-long to keep large-long to keep disconting the large-long to keep lar and military effort, and but for Mariborough's

d'Anjou, who, on becoming King of Spain, colemnly renounced for himself and his family the right to inherit the crown of France. This renunciation was made a fundamental part of he French law in the famous Bed of Justice described by St. Simon, and which, being conoked after the death of Louis XIV., confirmed the rights of the Duke of Orleans. Mr. Girard dwells at some length on this branch of the subject, which may at any time be invested with importance, since the Spanish Bourbons have often shown a disposition to repudiate their ancestor's agreement, and it is known that the Comtesse de Chambord desired Henry V. to pronounce it void. The superior claim of the Carlist princes in respect of blood is the pretext on which some of the French Legitimists refuse to recognize the Comte de Paris as the heir to the crown. We observe, by the way, that Mr. Girard's language is a little too broad when he speaks of the law of the "Spanish" succession ontaining no provision against the succession of females. It is, indeed, pretty well settled that the crown of Castile could devoive on fomales, but there is grave doubt whether the kingdoms of Aragon and Navarre did not recognize the so-called Salie discrimination.

" High Lights " (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a story of American country life of more than common merit. The interest is sustained throughout and the rural folk speak

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's article on music in the current edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has been published, with amplifications, as No. 34 of Harper's Handy Series. His roll of composers, musicians, and singers is somewhat defective as regards the United States. "Primus in Indis," by M. J. Colquboun (Harper's Handy Series), is an historical romance, dealing with Jacobitism in England in the middle of the last century and the Indian victories of Clive. It is told in a simple,

graphic manner, and abounds in dramatic situations. Mr. H. Idder Hazzard's "King Solomon's Mines" (Cassell) is a rou-ing story of life in southern Af rica, in which the reader is regaled with adventure with wild animals and wild men, stories of treasure hunt-ing, witch women, and the like. It will prove attrac-

tive to o d boys as well as youngsters. Alan Date is the author of a book on America entitled "Jonathan's Home." The home appears to be the city of New York, and Mr. Date's impressions of it are unfavorable, to say the least. He finds far too much that is cranky and out of joint to render the American metropolis a desirable place of residence. Most of his remarks are so flavored with prejudice as to be of no value, and the few sensible criticisms that he makes are conveyed in a would be jaunty style, which indicates that the writer is probably a very young man. His sulegium on the Rev. Henry Ward Bescher ought to endear him to the congregation of Plymouth Church.
"The Wonders of Bodily Strength and Skill." "The
Wonders of Glass Making" by A. Sawgay, and "The
Wonders of Optics," by F. Marlon, form additional

volumes of a series of wonder books issued by the Scrip ners. As brief manuals on important subjects they an awer their nurpose very well.

In "Children's Stories in American History," by Hen-

rietta Christian Wright (Scribners), the juvenile reader will find an agreeably told series of narratives of coloni-We Two Alone in Europe" (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) by Mary L. Ninde, recounts the travels of two irrepressible American girls. The book is written with some and

mation of style, but adds nothing to the sum of human knowledge. M. R. Gatley & Co. have issued in handsome style Part I of an illustrated work, entitled "The World's Prog-

ress," edited by Charles E. Beale.

QUEER WRINKLES. Better than Nothing.

Woman (to tramp) - Would you like another

Trainp-You can give me one more if you like. but I am afraid they are awfully indigestible. A New Complaint. Young Mr. Downe-Why do you carry your

arm in such an outlandish fashion, Hobson f Young Mr. Hotson—I'm suffering with "Tennis el-bow," old boy. I cawat sleep at might with the pain, and it's quite the proper caper, dougher know. Carrying Out a Suggestion.

Mr Featherly (making an evening call)-Boby, won't you come and sit on my knee?

Bobby (accepting the proffered seath—All right, Mr.
eatherly. Pa toid no to-day that you ought to be ent
own on once in a while.

To a Limited Extent Only. Miss Clara-Are you an anglomaniac, Mr. Peatherly:

Mr. Featherly-Well, hardly as strong as that Miss.

Clara. I den ecasionally: but I am fond of angling to a limited extent only.

A Hospitable Welcome. "And are you glad to see me, my little man?"

"Yes, sir," replied Roday.
"And why are you clast to see me?"
"Because It's only when you come that we have anything for dinner worth eating.

The Marriage Vows.

Sufficiently Nober. "Do you allow drunken people on the train?"

asked an oil centieman at the City Hall elevated station.

"Sometimes, but not when they are too drunk," replied the brakeman, "Just take a seat near the middle of the Car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right." In Hard Lines.

First Sporting Man-What horse did-you run Second Sporting Man-Pompano. Did he win? First Man-Wint Pomnano fell and killed his jockey, Second Sporting Man-You don't say so. Luck seems to be dead against me.

Sufficient Grounds for Justification. Judge (to witness who has just called the

opposing counsel a liar)—You are fined ten dollars, sir. On what grounds do you justify yourself in calling the learned conneel a liar, sir?
Witness—tin the grounds, your Honor, that I have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth A New Cureer. Smith (to Brown, who has inherited money)-

I congratulate you. Brown, upon your good fortune.
What do you expect to do now that you are rich!
Brown-Nothing: I shall give up ourness and try and
live like a gentifeman that's a.!
Smith-Ab, yo., I see. Well. I hope you will meet
with success, old man, but it will be a great change for
you. Good day. What's in a Name !

'I beg your pardon, sir," said a traveller to a

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said a traveller to a fallow passenger, "but is not your name Smith?"
"No, sir," was the reply: "my name is Montrose,"
"Excuse me. My mistale."
"The pride and senf respect," Mr. Montrose added with a smite, "to be classed among the great pelecian army of Familia, but such mistales with occur. Er-will you favor me with your name, sir!"
"Yes; my name is smith."

A Pleasant Afternoon. Fashionable Daughter (just returned from the

Shakespeare class; -0.0, manual, we had a delightful time. The gentlemen came at half-past three, and we dance! for an hour, and then had smaring and such a delicious innehem. I think these readings are so pice-and. Mother—What was the selection for today? Fashionable linguisties—let me see. It was the play in which Omicia is seniorized by hor order of a husband, Othella, I think; or perhaps it was the Moor of Venice, I don't quite remember which.

A Welrd Subject. "Pa," said a little Kentucky boy. "what is 'a ghost of a suits 17" "A ghost of a suits 17" "A ghost of a suits!" the father replied, "is something that is found in empty bettles."

An Agricultural Triumph.

PUETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Kyrtette. From the Home Journal In apring love came, a welcome guest, And tarried long at my beheat; New antumn wance, the shee are gray, But loyal love flees not away. I charmed him with melodious lays Through long rose scented summer days; My songs no more are clear of gay, But loyal lays flees not away. We plucked and twined the myrtle flowers. Made juvance in the sylvan bowers; The blooms have died, wild winds hold sway, Gone are the piping crickets, gone. The feathered narolingers of dawn, and gone the woodland's bright display, But loyal love flees not away. With intermingled light and shade. The shifting seasons come and fade; Our fond hopes fail, faise friends betray, But loyal love flees not away!

CLIFFOR SCOLLARD. Making Love. From the Soston Transcript One neetled close at the dainty waist, One kissed the braids of the sunny hair and hid in the lace at the slender throat Was a blush rose fair. Out in the porch the moonbeams played On leaves that covered a hidden nest; The small birds stirred in a sumber soft At a love contessed. And where are the roses, fair and sweet?
All one is withered and one is dead;
For the soft binsh rose at the lender throat
Is a blush instead.

The eyes are bright as they meet the light And the quivering lips are covered red. The heart heats fast to the music sweet Of the words he said. And under the stars the happy rose.
Thrills at the touch of a lover's kies,
And droups content, as a token fair
Of a lover's bits.
MARY RIPPLE CORLEY.

Golden-Rod. From the Home Journal. O Golden rod, fair Golden rod;
You seem to me a smile of God,
Eant down to cheer this earth of ours.
While mourning for her sommer flowers.
I love to plack your plantes of their
And deck with them my role of white;
To see them seeming fold on feed.
Gold upon white and white on gold. O Golden-rod, bright Golden-rod I You spring from out the harren sod; On worknout blaces where no grain May rise to meet he sun and rain, On battlifled, once outered red, where heroes found their largest bed;

Ah, Golden-rod, rich Golden-rod! All lips that breathe must kees the rod; And mine have drain death's bitter cup Since last I stooped to pluck you up. I lay your soft plumes yellow glow Beside my sable werds of wee. And pray my God His arms to fold Around the black, around the gold!

And Golden-rod, awest Golden-rod, When I shall go to dwell with their West in the weary look is given by the wear look is given to the most referred, in robos of white backed with your plants of groden light, Gold upon white and white on gold!

Then o'er my green and narrow bed Let these fair blossoms lift their head, Through all the bright tetober days. When nature veils with golden haze. The world's decay. Nor black her wh Will mingle with their golden light, But over me the two will fold. In pature's hues of green and gold. MARY E. NEALT.

### A Little Mistake. From the Judge.

The Professor's keen, admiring glance Fell on the pupil's face. The rosy cheeks, the bright black eyes, The form of matchiess grace. Reclining with connectish case
Against the wooden beach:
"Allow me Miss, to ask your name,"
She murmurel, "Het en French." The Professor started with a frown;

Could be have heard aright!
Could a deprayed and hardened soul
Shine through those eyes so bright! And could be, should be, ought be to And loke with him-a learned man, An A. M., Ph. D.?

The little maid inried white and red, And trembled 'neath his frown; Upon the jecty, displed check The tears went tricking down. "Was this the way they treated girls
At this old, hateful college?
On eds who came five hundred miles
To get a little knowledge?"

Anatomically speaking,
The Professor and a heart,
And it thumped against his waistcoat
When he saw the fear drops start; So, taking out his handkerchief

"I would suggest, Miss, when you toke You choose some other game: Now, please at once to tell me what, In English, is your name."

Evo. From the Academy. The serpent tempted thee to shame. God's direst vengeance on thee came.
Nother Eva.

And never may we hope to win That golden garden close hedged in From toil and tempest, strife and sin, Mother Eve. Before thy wondering, wakened eyes, Mother Eve. Clashed shut the gates of Paradies.

The wandering feet, the hands were torn By here, wayside weed, and thorn.
Thy bates in anguish great were born.
Mother Eva.

And yet God's vengeance knew no stay, Mother Eve. Thy first-born did his brother slay Mother Eva. Thy first-born and of the Mother Eve.

Died not thy heart for woe and dread.

When Abel in thine arms lay dead.

And Cam red-handed turned and fied.

Nother Eve?

Methinks I hear thee murmur "Nay,"
Mother Eve. " Byll and bitter was my day," Nother Eve. "Evil and full of pain, but still
I am Tis judge, work all Thy will;
I judge Thee, knowing good from ill,"
Mother Eva.

"I stretched mine hand unto thy tree," Nother Eve. " Not as the sightless beasts are we!"

Mother Eve. "Thy curse has fallen, let it bide, I and my children open-eved I and my children open-eved Know thee, and judge, whate'er betide," Mother Eve.

The Broom. From the Inter-Ocean.

To and from mores the broom
Across the room
With active grace,
It seeks each place,
While the guiding loand,
With a firm and forceful motion,
Seems to understand,
And pay a true develor
To the acred act of meatness,
To the burder and meatness,
This should retain mesery room,
Through the service of the broom

Earnestly the patient broom;
Seeks the street throughout the room;
Glyss to corners reminds our.
Lest the street throughout the room;
Glyss to corners reminds our.
Lest the street fill there
freather a strain fillion the air.
Many feet may be now inst.
And their impress there have set.
But the broom in crucing r und
Makes of all one common grounds
cathered in a contret heap.
Each with all communities seep.
Lest the thoughts of men that come and go;
Then together like a river flow.

Living leasons, grand and strong.

Are taught in this the house broom's song—

Day the property of the second of t

From the Denver Telbune Republican.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY

The Sloux was Enjoying Himself. I had built a small fire in a secluded spot among the hills, and was tonsting a bit of meat on the end of a stick. I hadn't seen signs of a redskin for two days, and felt as safe as if in my own home. All of a sudden I felt the presence of somebody. I hadn't heard any suspictous sounds, nor had my eyes detected "signs," but I just felt that danger menaced from behind. It came like a flash, and before I could turn my head the peak of the mountain five miles away fell over upon me So it seemed to me at the instant, but when I opened my eyes again, perhaps three or fou

firm on its pins. I was the one who was all wrong. A redskin, hideously decked and daubed, had crept upon me and struck me over the head with the flat of his tomahawk. While I was unconscious from the blow, he dragged me to a stunted pine. lashed my body to the tree, and then pulled my arms back each side of it and tied 'em to gether at the wrist.

minutes later, the mountain was all right and

While my thoughts were slowly coming back he stood and surveyed me, his face wearing something of a grin. He had done a pretty emart thing, and it was only natural that he should feel a bit puffed up with conceit. I hadn't made it all out to my own satisfaction yet, when he turned to the fire and coolly proceeded to help himself to my provisions. It took him half an hour to satisfy his appetite. and he then went through my pack. The rough maps, drawings, and notes he burned up, as also my stock of simple medicines, but of all else he made a neat package and laid it aside. He had a Winchester, but no revolver. I had a Winchester and two revolvers. doubt pleased to secure the rifle, he was immensely tickled with the revolvers, and it was plain that he knew how to use them.

The arms were laid with the bundle, his own rifle added to the pile, and then he was ready to attend to my case. By this time I had solved the problem. He was a scout from some body of Indians in the neighborhood, and he would carry me in as his prisoner. I was wondering if there would be any show to escape, when he came and sat down in front of me. I could see at a glance that he was just boiling over with cussedness. When a man gets through looking a mad dog in the eyes he wants to experi-ment on an Indian warrior. That "buck" had eyes like a wounded tiger, and my flesh crawled as he sat there and looked me over. I wasn't over a minute making up my mind that I wasn't going away as a prisoner. The spoils of camp, to which he would add my scalp, would satisfy him. That devil was going to torture me, and I knew it even before he had made a move! Such infernal premeditation and self-satisfaction you never saw in a lace.

I had on high-legged boots. He perked them off, one after another, and then publed off my socks. I knew what was coming. He had the whole afternoon before him, and he was going to begin on the soles of my feet. Up to this time heither of us had spoken, but I now determined to give him a blast. I was a hundred miles from any white mae, utterly helpless, and was certain to die anyway. I preferred a stroke of the tomahawk to death by inches. "See here, you long-legged, paint-bedaubed, cowardly cur, you daren't touch mo!" I yelled. "We see!" he replied.

"We see!" he replied.

"See and be hanged! Let me loose and I'll fight your whole tribe! You are a national cowards! A Sloux will run from a woman Bah! You cur!".

It didn't move him. I called him names. I reviled the memories of his ancesters. I waded into his father, mother, brothers, and sistors. I reviled and abused his own character and standing. All this time he was sharpening a dry, hard stick to a finer point, and he never even looked up.

"Goal! Bazee! Y u infernal skunk!"

He had jabbed the sharpened stick into the soil of my foot. It went in half an inch, and he never even looked up.

"Goal! Bazee! Y u infernal skunk!"

He had jabbed the sharpened stick into the soil of my foot. It went in half an inch, and he accepted with the seed on the graph of the fire and get a burning brand and ecomy back and apply it to the soil of my older foot. I tell was no use to try to keep saidner. The pain was horrible, but if was he seemed somewhat by the excitement of abusing him.

"I make white nam cry look, he seld, as he flung away the stick and ress up.

What did the flend do but go ovegto the fire and get a burning brand and s as he sat there and looked me over. I wasn't over a minute making up my mind that I

Now white man will taugh!" he chuckled as he rose up.
Out came his hunting-knife, and he tested Out came his hunting-knife, and he tested the edge on his thumb-nail. Then he bent over me, seized the run of my left car with his flegers, and was about to silve that ornament of my head, when he suddenly fell lackward and I heard the crack of a rifle. The buck was on his feet like a cat, looking into the thicket back of me, and still holding the knife in his hand, and it seemed a long minute before I caught the crack of hotstop- and the shout:

"Durn again that will go back on a man in times like this! Here's fur yer. Sioux, with yer own weepings!"

Dura a gun that will go back on a man in times like this! Here's fur yer, Sioux, with yer own weepangs!"

A big giant of a trapper sprang past me, knife in hand, and the Sioux stood for him. The fight was now before my eyes, and only a few feet may. There were the rifes and revolvers in plain sight, but neither man seemed to see or think of them. It was a quara-standing fight with knives, and a horrible thing it was. I hened to disconcert the Indian and endoubted in the man by shouts, but it is doubtful if oither heard me. Up and down and across and around they jought, both stabbing and shefting, but neither seeking, it was over in five minutes, though it seemed half an hour to me. The back suddenly threw up his hands and went down, and the trapper twisted off his scalp before you could count twenty. Then he came over to me and cut the cords. He had hardly accomplished this before he sank down. I crawled up to him and began to wipe the blood from a terrible out in the shoulder; but his face grew white, his eyes-closed, and he half shouted:

"He's wiped me out! Waugh!"
He was dead next moment. He had sixteen cuts and stashes on his body, and that buck had over twenty.

had over twenty.

He Guesard Be'd Fight.

Politeness was born in him, and he couldn't help it. He drifted into a prominent town in the South soon after Johnston's surrender and before anybody's temper had cooled down He was after cotton, and he let the fact be known. He was from Connecticut, and he did not try to conceal it. He hadn't been in the town two hours before an "unregenerated" nutted his nose. 'Ah-yes!" said the man from Connecticut.

"Was that accidental?"
"No, sir! No, sir!" was the flerce rejoinder. "Did it a purpose, ch?" "Of course I did!"

"Well, I shouldn't a-thought it of you! I'll pass it over as a case of temporary insunity."

An hour later, as he sat in the hotel, a fireeater approached him and spit on his boots and stood and glored at him.
"You must have a webble to your tongue if

you can't spit straighter than that," said the man from Connecticut.

man from Connecticut.

"I meant so, sir-meant so!"

"Wanted to get me mad, ch?"

"You shouldn't do so. When I'm roused I'm a bard man to handle. I'll excess this on the grounds that you don't knew me."

In the afternoon he was given a bint that he had better leave town at once, and when he demurred a lawyer sent him a challenge.

"What's it fur?" asked the Yankee as he real the missive.

What's it for?" asked the Yankee as he read the missive.
You insuited him, and he demands satisfaction." explained the messenger,
Cut't I argy the case with him?"
No. sir."